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THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

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- For Commonwealth's Attorney—
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- For Councilmen—
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SPEAKES.
Second Ward—FRANK SKILL-
MAN, B. J. SANTEN, CURTIS
HENRY.
Third Ward—GEORGE L. DOYLE.

EDITORIAL FILINGS OF THIS THAT 'EN 'TOTHER

A city or county is not made great
by the number of square miles it
contains, but by the number of square
people it contains.

Human nature is a peculiar propo-
sition. We condemn the other
fellow for doing the things we some-
times do ourselves, and the chances
are that we would resent the calling
down if we ourselves got it.

You can't get three men together
when you sound a call for a meeting
for an uplift-and-public-benefit-
movement, but there are never
enough seats to go around when you
sound a call for a "neighborhood
poker party."

A Paris woman wants to know why
so many of our remarkable para-
graphs, jingles and things are di-
rected at the girls' short skirts. Well,
our shots don't hurt the girls, so to
speak, and they help us to fill our
columns. Was there anything else
in our department, to-day, madam?

There are just forty-five things a
Paris autoist should think of before
trying to pass the car ahead. If he
should forget one of them he may
find himself all speeded up and with
no place to go. The same is true of
the person who endeavors to cross
the streets when the autoists are
making speedways of them.

A little Paris girl went to the
country to pay a visit to her grand-
parents. Walking through the gar-
den she chanced to see a peacock, a
bird she had never seen before. Af-
ter gazing in silent admiration she
ran quickly into the house and cried
out: "Oh, grandma, come and see!
One of your chickens has bloomed
out in full bloom!"

Hope at last! The katydids have
sung. For a few nights past they
have been making music that, ac-
cording to the weather prognostica-
tors, means frost within six weeks.
While the blistering sun has been
making the thermometer take one
somersault after another, and left
humanity sweltering in perspira-
tion, it is hopeful to contemplate
that there will be a change—if the
joyful chorus of katydids predict
the truth. They may give them-
selves over to the jazz type of music,
instead of some of Nature's grand
songs, but just this once their jaz-
zing has been hailed with delight.

A Scene Not in the Picture

By KATE EDMONDS

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"No," said the landlady stonily, "I'm
sure I don't know where Miss Ford
went to—some one said she had given
up her position and gone out West to
act in the movies, but I'm always busy
and can't keep track of folks after
they leave my house. Are you the
young soldier she was engaged to?"

Dick Reynolds nodded.
"Yes—you look like the picture she
had on her bureau. She read that you
had been killed in action and so she
just got pale and sick and went away.
Sorry."

"Thank you," said Dick as he turned
away. He wrote a letter to Marcia,
addressed it in care of her old employ-
ers, marked it to be forwarded and
waited. At last after months of
fruitless waiting and searching he
found a position in Chicago. Night
after night he went to the movies, hop-
ing for some clue, and then there
came a time when he saw a well-
acted screen-drama—and his own
Marcia being kidnapped by a dark
villain in a black evening cloak.

"Ain't it awful!" shivered a girl
sitting next to Dick.

Her companion giggled. "It looks
real, but 'tain't."

Dick found it difficult to believe
that the characters were not real with
Marcia's face so clear, so agonized.
He saw the villain carry her away in
a black motor car to a greasy looking
tenement, where several well dressed
people seemed to threaten her life. One
man caught her slender wrist and
pulled her toward the door.

"Hi!" yelled Dick, and everybody
laughed. He looked fiercely around
and sank back in his seat, grim and



"Dashed Away."

alert. He watched the picture until
the doors closed and the next day he
saw it again. By this time he was
sure that his own sweetheart was act-
ing in the movies. Then he saw the
manager of the theater.

With the name of the producers he
found the location of the company—
Hollywood, California—and packing
his grip he set out in the search for
Marcia. By this time he knew the
picture by heart, learned that the name
of the actress was Elizabeth Jayne, but
strong in his own belief he declared
the girl to be none other than Marcia.

At Hollywood the studios were all so
busy that he barely escaped becoming
famous because he had refused so
many chances to act as a substitute
or an extra in one of the many com-
panies. Once he had an adventure
that he never forgot.

"Say, young feller," yelled a hot-
looking man, as Dick approached a
studio. "Want a job?"

"Looking for a girl," returned Dick.
"Plenty of girls here—can you ride?"

"Yes."

"Stunts?"

"Cavalry."

"Good. Come in. Man gone sick—
scene waiting; you got to shoot a man
and carry off a girl."

Dick grinned and followed the ex-
cited director. He was led into a
dressing room, given a cowpuncher's
outfit of clothes and come rolling out
with a swagger that made the direct-
or stare.

"Say, you've been a puncher?"

"Yes."

"Steady job, maybe—now you hop
into my car. The rest of the bunch
waiting out on location ten miles
away—just sent in word that Ames
has broken his leg; listen now." He
drove the car recklessly while he
poured into Dick's ear the instructions
he was to follow. "When you're called
you ride up to the door of the cabin,
shoot Arnold—he's the leading man—
and grab the girl up and ride off with
her."

"Anywhere—out of the picture—un-
till you're called again, and then
you—" and so on—until Dick felt
qualified to do his part perfectly; yet
when he saw the expectant company
his wits almost deserted him. He

watched the progress of the play with
feverish interest because there was a
girl—

She had appeared at intervals in the
play, and while there was a vague fam-
ilarity about her face and even her
graceful walk, he could not make up
his mind whether it was his Marcia or
not. Her face was made up a little,
as was his own, and both were part
of a grotesque looking company. Some-
one told him her name—Elizabeth
Jayne—and because he was afraid to
have his dream shattered, he did not
pursue the subject further. Then it
dawned upon him that this was the
girl he was to rescue—surely, he
would know then!

He played his part extremely well
and found a strange fascination in the
work; the girl looked at him once or
twice with a faint show of interest,
but the grease paint disguised him
well. Then came the moment when
Dick, the bad man, was to kidnap the
hero's sweetheart. Dick mounted his
horse, dashed up to the cabin door,
shot the hero with a blank cartridge
and swooping down, gathered the
girl's slight form in his arms and
dashed away to the big tree, where he
had been told to await the glare of the
director's megaphone. "That was
fine," said the girl, cordially, as they
stopped under the tree. "Set me down,
please."

"Finding's keeps," grinned Dick,
looking her straight in the eyes. "Oh!"
she cried, then "Dick!" and she was
hugging him tightly.

"Hi!" the megaphone blared at them
angrily. "Quit that—it's not in the
picture!"

"It's in our picture," grinned Dick
as he rode up to the director. "I just
found my girl after five years, and—
"Excused!" bellowed the director:
"stay out for awhile and come back
when you get over it—meanwhile we'll
do something else. Shoot!"

OBEDIENT, IF NOTHING ELSE

Man at Post Office Window Literal in
Obeying Injunctions of Clerk
in Charge.

The stamp clerk at the Grand Central
post office says he has seen many
funny things during his 15 years at
the window.

A foreign-looking man stepped up to
the stamp window the other day and
handed the clerk a letter with a 2-
cent stamp on it. It was overweight,
so the clerk handed it back and said,
"Two cents more."

"No understand," said the man.

"Two cents," repeated the clerk.

"One, two! Two cents!" And he
held up two fingers. After repeating
these several times, the customer
seemed to understand and produced
2 cents, for which he was given an-
other 2-cent stamp. Thereupon he
handed the letter back to the clerk
and turned to go away.

"Here!" called the clerk, "put the
stamp on here. It needs 2 cents
more."

"I geeva you two da cent!" ex-
claimed the man.

"Yes, but put the stamp on here."
And the clerk pointed to the corner
of the letter.

The man's face brightened with un-
derstanding. "Oh!" he said, and lick-
ing the stamp he very carefully stuck
it on top of the other one.—New York
Sun.

Breaking It Gently.

"Oh, mamma," said little Charlie,
"I've upset the salt-cellar over the
clean tablecloth!"

"That was very careless," answered
mother, "but go and brush the salt off,
and see that you don't spoil the table
cloth."

"But, mother, when any one spills
salt they have a quarrel, don't they?"
Charlie now asked.

"Yes, that is so," agreed the moth-
er. "But why do you ask?"

"Well, mother," continued Charlie,
"if they don't spill the salt they don't
have a quarrel, do they?"

"No," answered mother. "That's
quite right, but I can't see why you
ask."

"Well, mother," replied Charlie, get-
ting his back to the wall, "it wasn't
the salt I spilled, it was the ink!"

The Shoe That Pinched.

The minister is not the only person
who sometimes steps on people's toes
at church. At one church the other
morning two young women members
who had been up late the night before
were having difficulty to keep awake.
One of them turned to the other and
whispered, "I'm going to doze off a
minute. Watch and don't let me
snore."

Then was announced the choir's
next song. It began, "Arise, awake
and put fresh vigor on."
The two young women both did so,
too.—Indianapolis News.

Apprehensive.

She had just received a proposal of
marriage from a man she had always
regarded more in the light of a
brother than a lover.

"Janet," he began, "you know I have
always turned to you; that I have
always thought of you. May I—that
is—oh, will you be my wife?"

"What a start you gave me, Henry,"
said Janet at last. "Do you know
I thought from your manner that you
were going to ask me to lend you
some money?"

Politeness Paid.

"My butcher congratulated me to-
day on the rumor that clothes are
going down."

"Well?"

"He was so nice about it that, of
course, I couldn't kick when he
charged me a little more for meat."
—Detroit Free Press.

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS

Inhaling the fumes of turpentine
and white lead often weakens the
kidneys. That's one reason why so
many painters have bad backs and
sick kidneys. Exposure, frequent
colds and chills and the strain of
climbing up and down ladders help
start the trouble.

If your back aches, if sharp pains
strike you in the back when stoop-
ing, lifting or working; if you have
headaches, dizziness, rheumatic
pains; if the urine is discolored or
passages painful and scanty, try
Doan's Kidney, the remedy so widely
used and so well recommended by
men in the painting trade. Here's
a Paris testimony:

Ed. Richardson, painter and dec-
orator, 552 Vine street, says: "I
suffered severely from my back and
it put me past going. I am a paint-
er by trade and handling so much
turpentine and inhaling its fumes
is what I blame for the cause of the
trouble. Many a night I was an-
noyed by the frequent acting of my
kidneys and would have to get up
many times to pass the secretions
and this greatly disturbed my rest.
I had dizzy spells and felt sick all
over until I got Doan's Kidney Pills
at Oberdorfer's Drug Store. I used
several boxes as directed and they
fixed me up in good shape."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that
Mr. Richardson had. Foster-Mil-
burn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentleness Always Best.
Gentleness is far more successful in
all its enterprises than violence; in-
deed violence generally frustrates its
own purpose, while gentleness scarce-
ly ever fails.—Locke.

Yield Valuable Oil.
An oil obtained from stumps of red
pine trees has been found to be val-
uable for recovering silver, from pul-
verized ore by the flotation process.

Government and Co-operation.
Government and co-operation are all
things the Laws of Life.—Ruskin

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Sunday, Aug. 14, 1921

Special train will leave Paris at
8:10 a. m.; returning will leave
Fourth Street Station, Cincinnati,
6:30 p. m., standard time, (7:30 p. m.
City Time). For further informa-
tion, consult Local Ticket Agent.
(aug5-9-12)

For Rent

Store room, now occupied by Cin-
cinnati Store, is now for rent. The
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W. O. HINTON.
(5-3t)

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this week—or look in our
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50 pounds flour and 100
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other items. Let us show
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This SELLERS Cabinet Puts Your Kitchen Right In Your Two Hands

No more running back and forth
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The Sellers holds everything you
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space.

What a relief it will be to you to
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your work going so smoothly and
speedily with the aid of this wonder-
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Let us tell you how you can begin
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